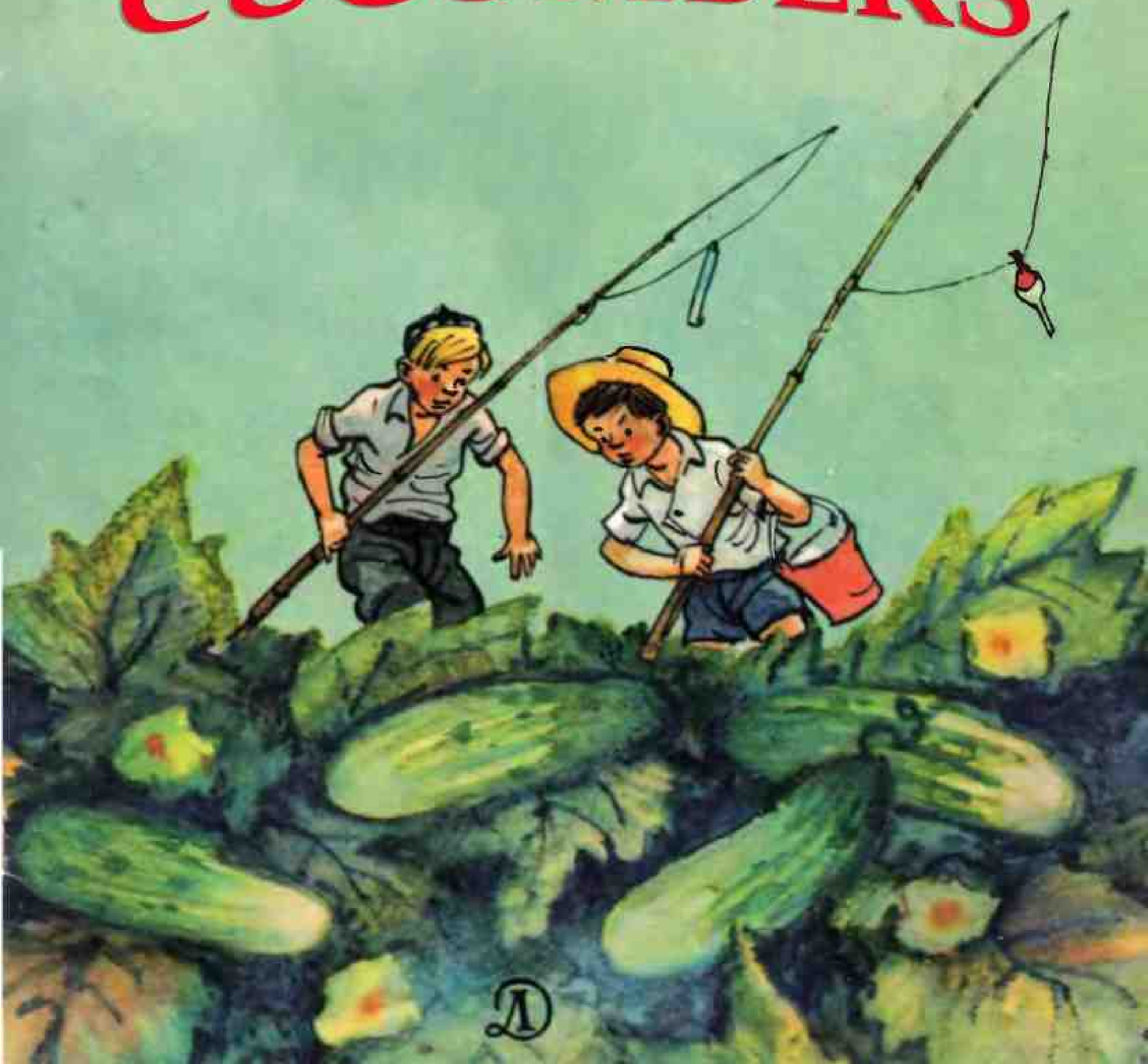
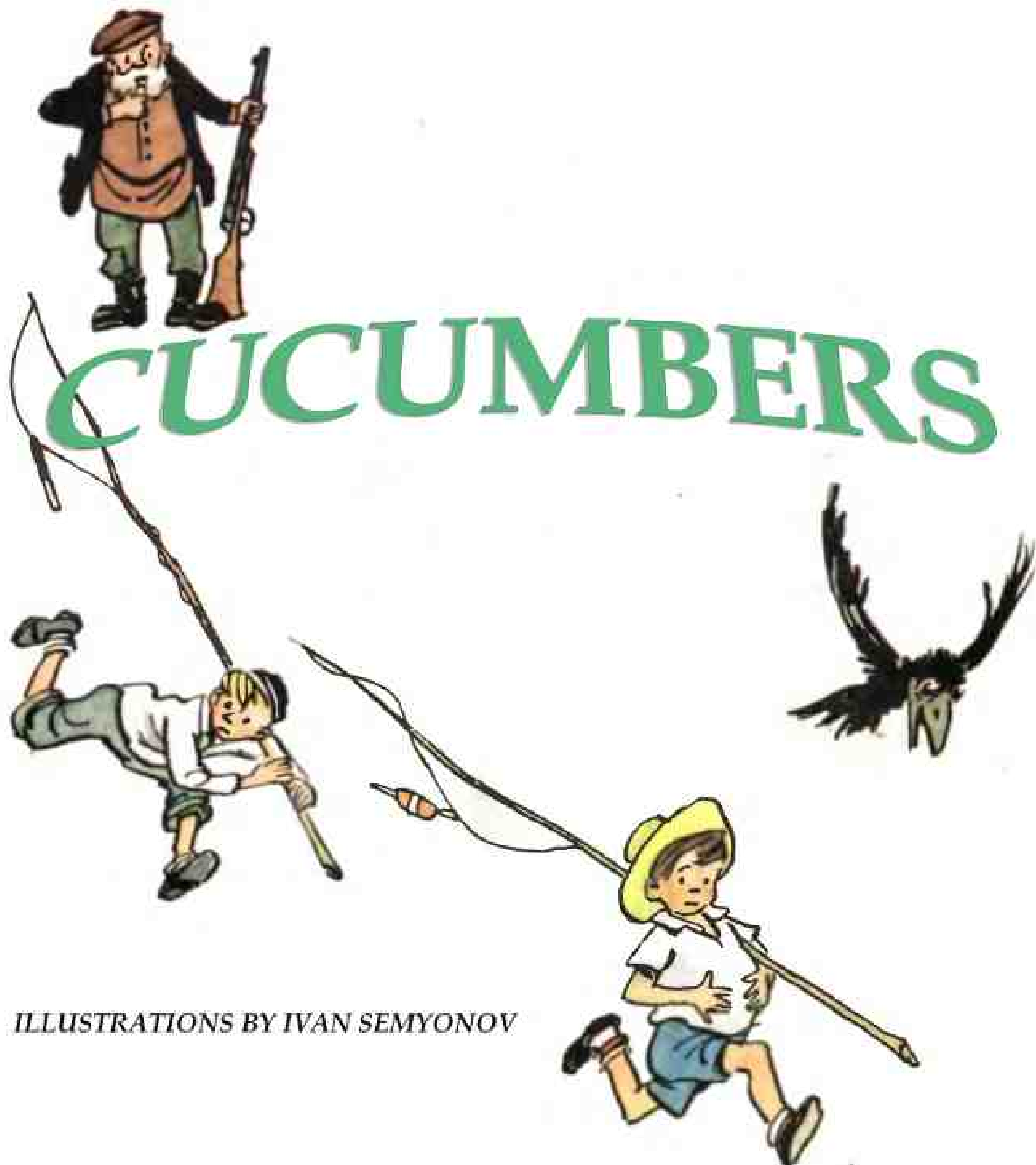


NIKOLAY NOSOV

CUCUMBERS



NIKOLAY NOSOV



ILLUSTRATIONS BY IVAN SEMYONOV





One day Pavlik took his friend Kolya fishing. They had no luck at all, not a single bite all day. But when they started back home, they turned in at the collective farm's vegetable garden and filled their pockets with cucumbers. The watchman spotted them and blew his whistle, but they ran as fast as they could and escaped. As they walked along, Pavlik got to thinking that he'd be in trouble for stealing cucumbers when he got home and so he gave his to Kolya.

"Look at the cucumbers I brought you!" Kolya shouted as he opened the front door.



His mother looked up and saw that his pockets and shirt were bulging and that he was holding two cucumbers that were too big to fit anywhere.

“Where’d you get them ?” she asked.

“In the garden .”

“Which garden?”

“The big one near the river. The farm garden .”

“Who said you could pick cucumbers there?”



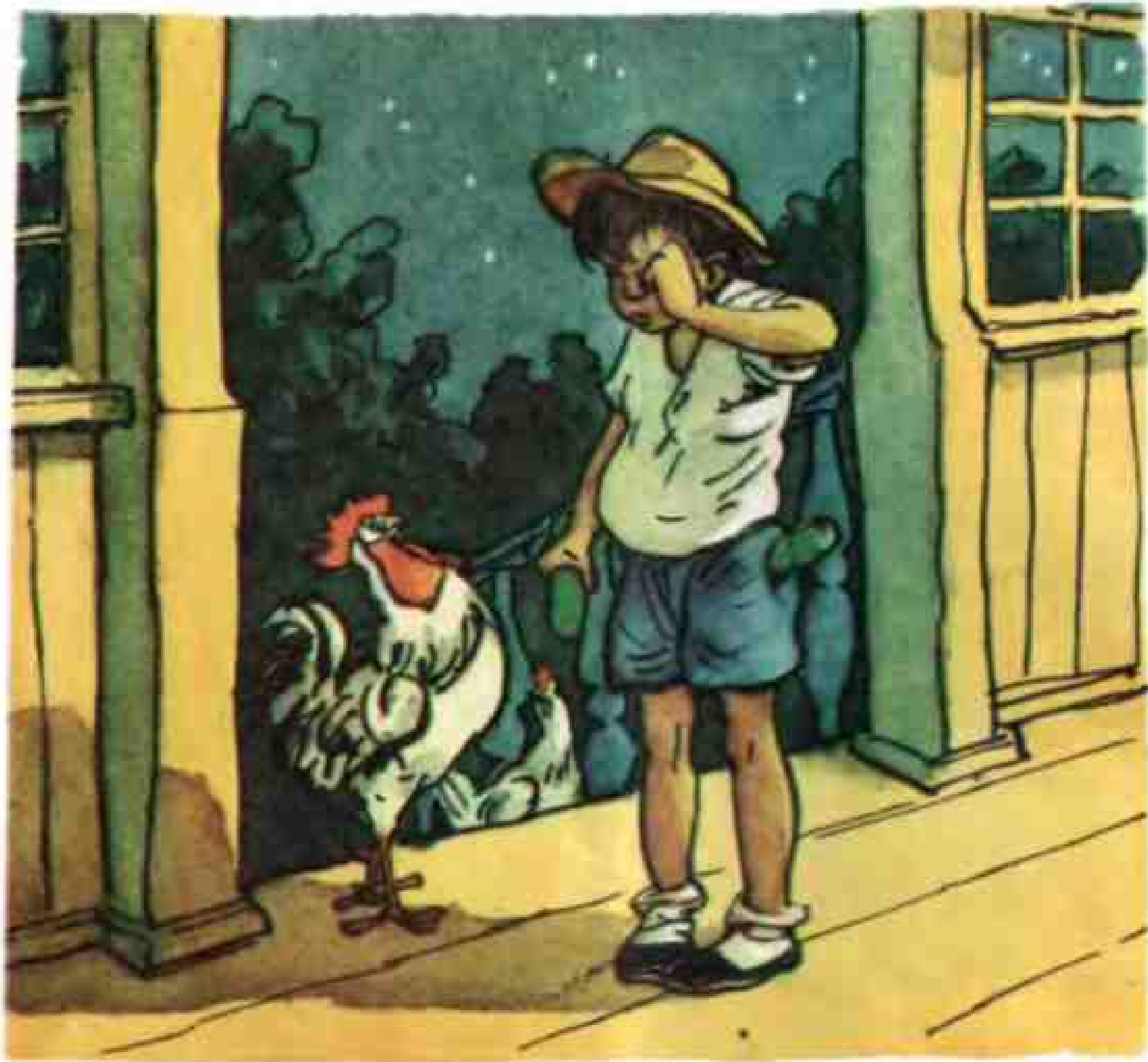
"Nobody. I just did."

"You mean you stole them?"

"No. I just took them. Pavlik took some. So I did, too." He began pulling them out of his pockets.

"Wait! Don't," his mother said.

"Why not?"



“You take them right back.”

“What for? They were growing on the vines, and I picked them . They won’t grow any more now anyway.”

“No matter. You take them back and lay them out on the row you picked them from .”

“Okay, I’ll throw them out.”

“Oh no, you won’t! You didn’t plant them. You didn’t water them . And so you’ve no right to throw them out.”

“But the watchman’s there. He blew his whistle at us, and we ran away.”

“And what if he had caught you?”



“He couldn’t. He’s old, and he can’t run fast.”

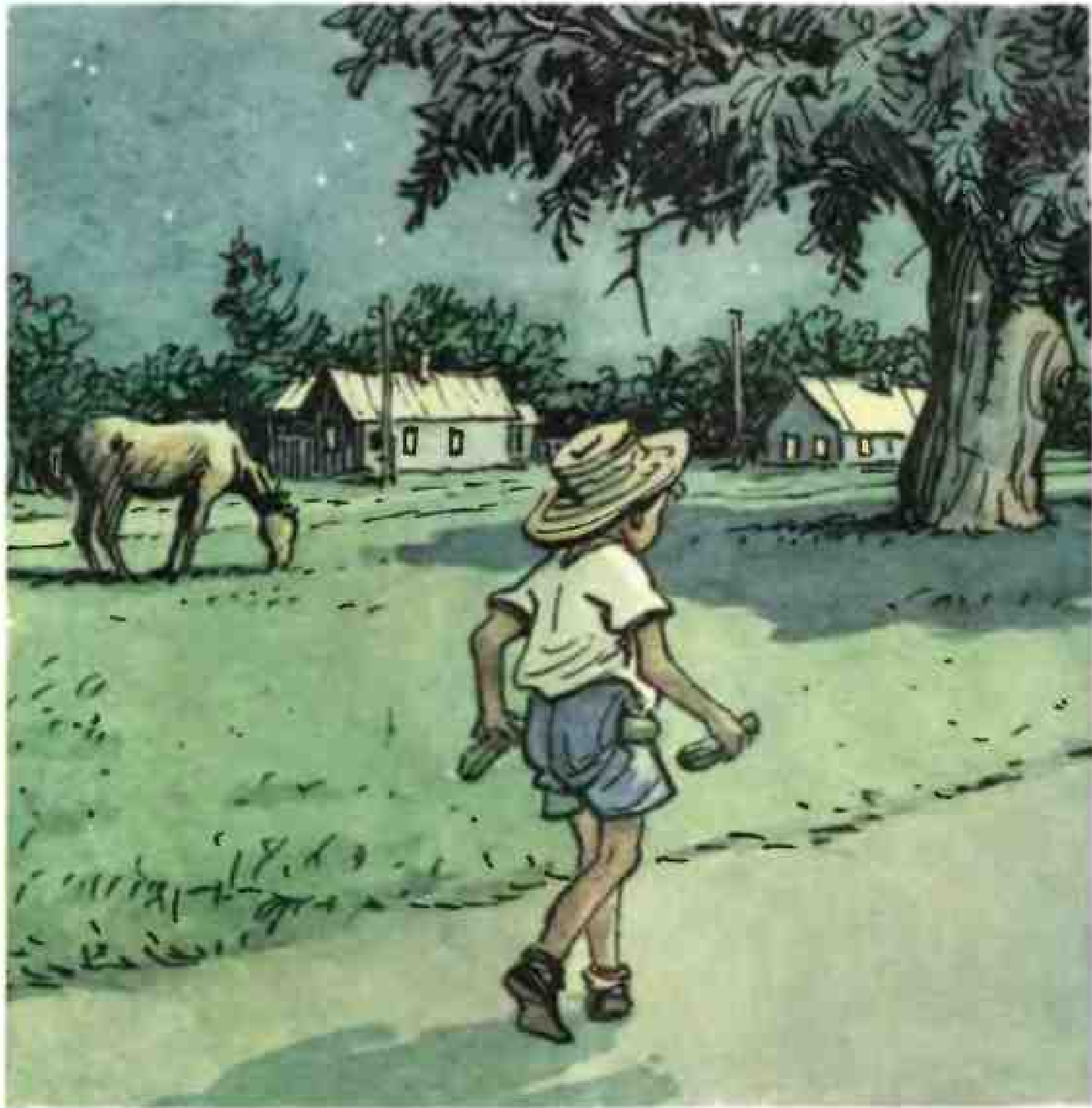
“Shame on you. He’s responsible for the cucumbers. If anyone finds out they’re missing, they’ll say it’s his fault.”

Kolya’s mother stuffed the cucumbers back into his pockets.

“I won’t go!” he cried. “He has a shotgun. He’ll shoot me dead!”

“It’s just what you deserve. I don’t want my son to be a thief.”

“Come with me, Mommy! I’m scared to go back by myself.”

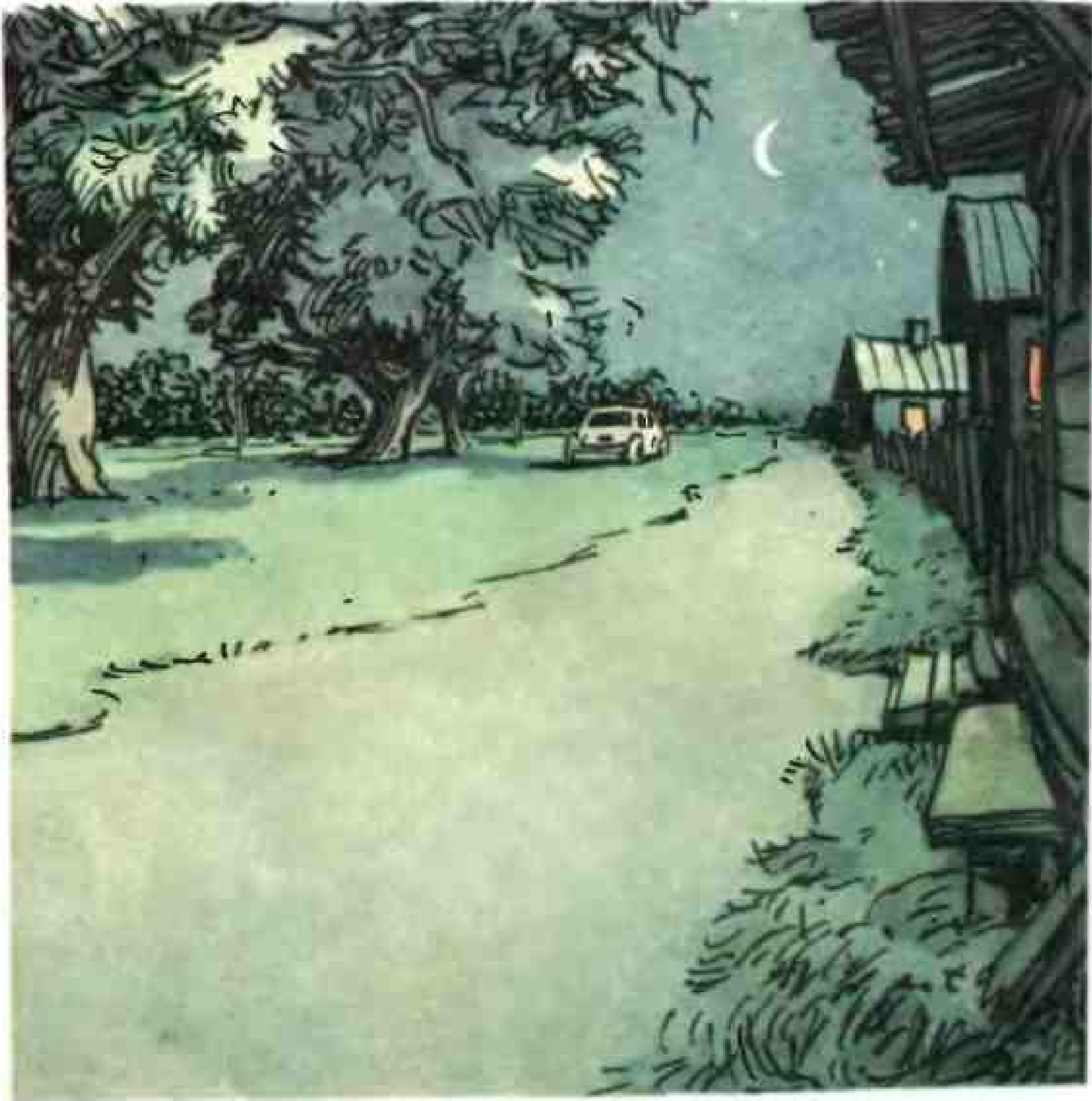


“You weren’t scared when you stole them, were you?” she said, placed the two biggest cucumbers into his hands and sent him out of the house.

“Go on, take them back,” she said.

Kolya trudged off down the village street.

“I’ll throw them into this ditch and say I took them back,” he said to himself and looked around. “No, I’d better really take them back before somebody sees me throwing them out and the watchman gets into trouble.”



As he walked down the street, he kept mumbling to himself, "Pavlik didn't get into trouble like me. He gave me his cucumbers, and now he's home, and nobody's mad at him."

Kolya came to the end of the village street and headed across the field. He'd never been out this late by himself, and it made him feel uneasy. At last he reached the cucumber patch by the river.



There was a little hut at the edge of the cucumber rows. That's where the watchman was. Kolya stood outside the hut and sniffed. The watchman heard him.

"What's the matter?" he said, coming out.

"I brought back the cucumbers."

"What cucumbers?"

"The ones Pavlik and I picked. Mommy said I had to bring them back."

"I see." The old watchman sounded very surprised. "So you were the boys I blew my whistle at. I didn't know you'd gotten away with any. That wasn't nice of you at all."

"Pavlik took some, so I took some, too. And then he gave me all of his cucumbers."

"Never mind Pavlik. You're old enough to know better. Don't you ever let me catch you doing that again. Give them to me, and you run along home."





Kolya pulled the cucumbers out of his pockets and shirt and laid them on one of the rows.

“Is that all? ” the watchman said.

“No. There was one more.”

“Well? Where is it?”

“I ate it. What’ll you do to me?”

“Nothing. What’s the use if you’ve already eaten it?”

“Will it get you in trouble?”



“One missing cucumber won’t matter, but if you hadn’t brought all these back, I certainly would have been in trouble.”

Kolya turned and ran off. All of a sudden he stopped and shouted, “I forgot to ask you something!”

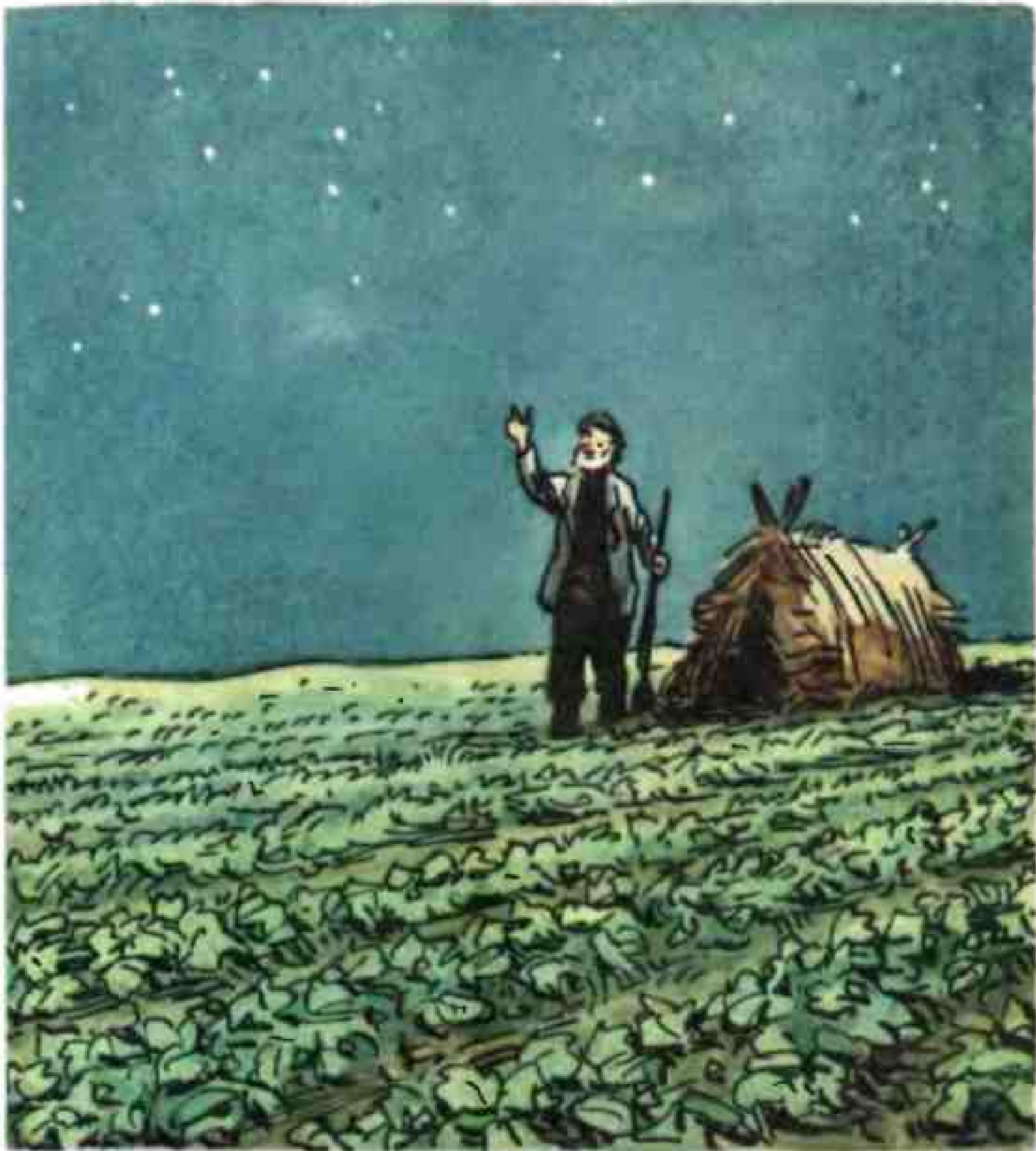


“Yes?”

“What about the one I ate? Did I steal it, or what?”

“Hm,” said the watchman. “That’s a pretty hard question. Well, let’s say you didn’t steal it.”

“But what did I do, then?”

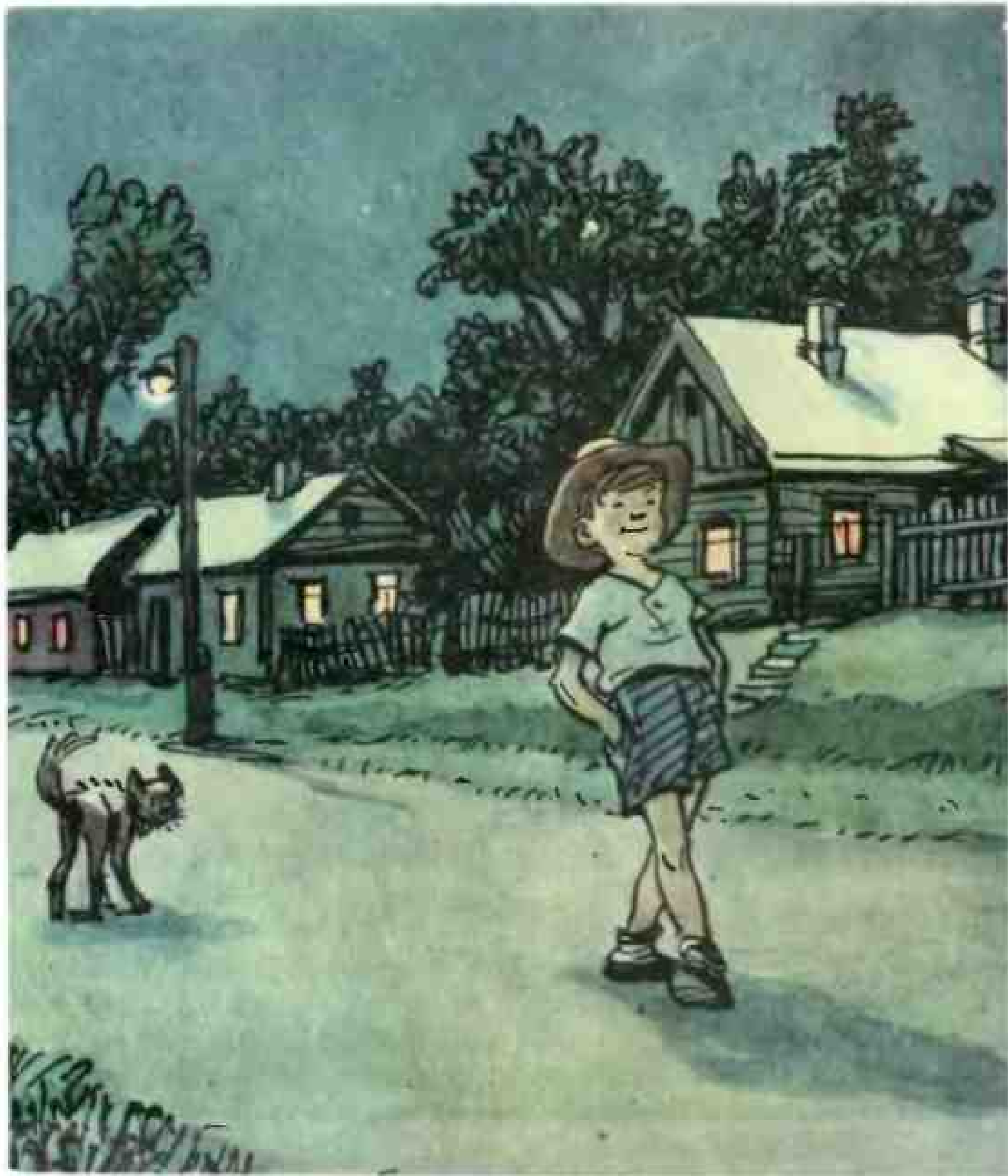


“Let’s say it was a present from me.”

“Thanks! I’m going home now. So long.”

“So long.”

Kolya raced across the field and over the little bridge. When he reached the village street he stopped and then walked the rest of the way home slowly. He was feeling very good inside.



10 коп.

ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО «ДЕТСКАЯ ЛИТЕРАТУРА»

В серии «Мои первые книжки» для детей
дошкольного возраста в 1982 году издаются:

Барто А. — Жадный Егор

Берестов В. — Весёлое лето

Благинина Е. — Почему ты шинель бережёшь?

Воскресенская З. — Клятва

Житков Б. — Помощь идёт

Заходер Б. — Кит и кот

Коваль Ю. — Алый

Кононов А. — Большое дерево.

Для дошкольного возраста

Николай Николаевич Носов

ОГУРЦЫ

Рассказ

ИБ № 5697

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